

Helpful Hints for St. Valentine's Day

Many are the legends which cluster about St. Valentine's day and all of them explain in one way or another why that day of all others is dedicated to the expression of love. Here are a few of the very modern ways of telling the "same old story."

Place cards and invitations can be made by the prospective hostess. Correspondence cards decorated with valentine symbols, hearts, crowns and cupid which may be obtained in gummed seals will do for the invitations and small cards. The cards of the calling card size will be suitable for place cards. An original little verse may be written by the clever hostess or any number of verses may be found which make appropriate invitations. These are effective if written in red ink.

The time and the address may be placed in the lower corners of the card. The signature just below the verse. The cards may be cut in heart shape if desired and may be of red or pink card-board instead of white.

As the guests arrive the hostess gives to each girl a key and to each man a heart, made of water color paper, the hearts red, the keys gold. The men are told to find the keys which fit their hearts. As each heart contains a key-hole of different size, cut in the center, and only one key will fit it, this causes a deal of merriment and serves to "start things going."

The partners thus determined join in a heart hunt for the lady's keys. The keys may be provided. The hostess has previously hidden about the rooms a number of keys, each with a name on it or the old fashioned "conversation leasener." To the couple finding the largest number of these a prize is awarded. Two couple dolls may serve as the joint prize, or heart-shaped pin-cushions or something of that sort.

Wedding ring sitting is a lot of fun

Attach a plain band ring to a string and suspend it at a height of about five feet from the floor. Each guest in turn is asked to stand at a given place in the room, about ten feet from the suspended ring, and point a pencil at the center of the ring. It is then found to which rapidly toward the ring in an effort to get the pencil through it, all the one who is nearest the ring without touching the string is the winner. The successful one, marriage, within the year is pronounced.

Then there is the heart-stringing game, each guest being given a needle and thread. In the center of the table there is a pile of paper hearts, and three minutes are allowed to see who can string the most hearts on the thread.

Another stunt is to fill a glass jar full of candy hearts and have each guest guess the number it contains. The one who comes nearest the correct number wins the jar and its contents.

To secure supper partners, the hostess may bring in two large baskets, each containing a number of cards, the contents of each basket being connected with those of the other by a perfect puzzle. The puzzle is made by the hostess and each man and woman from the other. Lined up on opposite sides of the room the two groups are connected by the tangled ribbons. At a signal from the hostess they begin to unravel the puzzle, to become more enmeshed and confused as the cards cross and recross. But at last the heart of the girl and the heart of the man are freed from the others and united.

"Bareback" Dress At Charity Ball



Ivy Collette Showing Her Costume—And Back.

As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

Fame Fashion and her peer worships have been blamed for a lot of the ills of the world, and now the cause of the miners' troubles is said to be woman and her insatiable desire for new and freak fashions. This is about the most extreme instance of that well-known maxim called, in modern parlance, "passing the buck."

Mr. Whitting Williams, former social worker and secretary of all the charitable organizations in a large city, and more recently employment manager in a large steel company, business woman, in order to get a better and clearer understanding of the men with whom he must deal, recently went out in blue jeans to earn his living literally by the sweat of his brow among unskilled laborers in the mills and factories.

"Give us this day our daily job," is the prayer of unskilled labor, according to Mr. Williams, and then he goes on to picture a mining town at 5 in the afternoon with the women and children praying for the third blast of the whistle which will mean another work day and another day's bread. "What has all this to do with fashion? Here is what Mr. Williams says:

"For one thing women can help to keep mills and factories and shops going more evenly through the year by paying less attention to freak styles. Steady work, normal production of the industry who create a demand for their 'freak' styles. The demand for 'freak' styles is a man-made thing, usually the style themselves are man-made. And so Mr. Williams might better hang the blame on someone else, than blame women for everything is getting tiresome.

(Copyright, 1920.)

Winds Are Warm At Palm Beach



MRS. FRED LINGER.

Wife Cares Little For Home and Hubby

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: During the past few months I have been reading your heart and home problems with a great deal of interest. Each bit of advice that you give seems sound and practical, so I'm writing to you in hopes that you will endeavor to assist me.

For six years I've been married. My wife is now about 30 years of age, and although our home is pretty and pleasant, I make an effort for it and spend weeks at a time at the residence of her parents. This last instance upon taking him to his grandparents. Naturally first the house, fearfully lonely. Upon her return by wife, generally brings her parents home with her, and she might say that she and the kiddie and I should have even an evening alone together.

I've always prided myself upon being good to my wife and I've surrounded her with all of the love and comfort that a woman could possibly care for. I never smoke nor drink, and I'm always at home in the evenings. My home is the sweetest spot on earth to me, or would be if Marian and the boy were there at the end of the day to receive me. While wealth isn't exactly mine, I make an adequate sum of money, and never refuse Marian anything for herself or the baby.

Lately I've asked her to return from her parents and while she, at last, condescended to my request she has pouted me, or would be if Marian and the boy were there at the end of the day to receive me. While wealth isn't exactly mine, I make an adequate sum of money, and never refuse Marian anything for herself or the baby.

Being a woman and for that reason perhaps understanding a bit about women, I'm going to advise you thusly: See your wife off on Saturday. In fact, let her go. Help her make a good thing of it. Tell her to go and stay as long as she pleases and say the words kindly and with all friendliness. Be suspiciously anxious for her to go and act as if nothing on earth could please you more. Buy her candy, tell her she needs a new hat. Ask her if she has plenty of pocket money.

Probably you don't know it, but a woman's mind is naturally suspicious. Right away she will say, "That's not like John at all. I've never known him to look at her like that. He's never been up in something," and then she will look at her little son and get out the word "mother" and count her gray hairs and say, "There must be something wrong with her. From then on all you will have to do is to play the game carefully and do not let her know that you don't give a rap.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a widow. Of only five weeks and I need your advice. When my wife died she had a nurse who cared for her until the end. She was one of the most perfect women I have ever known and was very anxious of making her my future companion. While there has been nothing wrong with her, I have been very true to my heart, I have been with all of my heart, trim figure is even now in my mind and I would like most of all in the world to see her pleasant, pretty face once again.

Do you suppose if I wrote her she would be offended? I would give much to hear from her, but still I am a little ashamed to write for fear she would not answer on account of it being such a short time since the death of my wife.

I know I loved my wife, but she is now gone and as you say, it is true I worshiped my first love and would gladly have given my life to have saved her. But she is dead, and it is impossible. I want to be the kind of a man my wife would have me be and so I wish you would advise me as to the good women in the world who keep the old thing forever revolving. Sincerely, J. E. B.

My position with The News-Sentinel is like this: Outsiders write me questions and I attempt to answer them. There are many ways of making my replies satisfactory. First, I never advise readers to do anything which I personally would not do myself. If I were in their position, secondly, if I am not quite sure what to say, I admit it, and thirdly, if I think myself unable to answer certain things I consult the dictionary, the Bible or the encyclopedia. Frankly I can not put myself in your position. It seems impossible to me for you to have fallen in love with one woman, while you sat at the deathbed of a wife, whose you profess to love. Understand I'm not censoring you, but to me it does seem queer. However, my advice is this: A certain amount of respect is due the dead and although a man has a perfect right to act of man and do as he pleases, I advise you to do this. Sit steady for two months more. Read and walk if necessary, and when the moving men patronize them, but don't write the nurse as yet. If you wait a bit and even later on court the woman and marry her, you won't be better about it afterward. She also will think more of you for having waited.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Recently I read in a copy of your paper a story of the unhappiness of a girl who signed herself Regina. Her letter to you aroused my passionate indignation. At first I thought the thing must be a joke, because one can't hardly believe that such a state of affairs actually exists in this day and age.

You, I noticed, said that you didn't know how to advise her. You asked her, I believe, to call upon you at the office. Of course I don't know what you finally told her, but my answer would have been this: Strike out for yourself, let the cad Henry divorce you. He will if he has a spark of man and honor. When this is done, then, Regina, marry the man whom you love; prove that you are a coward. Abandon all thought of suicide, tear yourself away from your present surroundings and make good. Get a job—any job with average brains can clerk in a store—work in a telephone exchange or make a living at office work. Try it.

Memphis is a fine place; consider what it has done for me. I'm a foreigner, alone, poor and friendless; handicapped besides by a physical infirmity, but I'm working and making a living. Behind me is a home, a house rather which is open to me, besides an aunt who made my days seem an eternity in the bad place, so I am here.

Thanks for the letter. Regina has already sought a job. Her mind is terribly busy and weary, but nevertheless I believe she will yet make good. Your letter will cheer her.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: We are two school girls, we were asked to answer a few questions, please. Next month a class of girls is going to have a leap year party. Each girl has supposed to invite a boy. We want to know what to do when inviting the boys. Please print some games for leap year. We give you some suggestions for lunch for Feb. 14. A is five feet three inches and is 18 years old, and B is five feet four inches tall and is 15 years old. What should each weigh?

You had better plan the party off the first thing so that no girl's invitation can be duplicated as a leap year refusal is more embarrassing than under ordinary circumstances. You can have it understood that the boys are to meet at some stated place and you can start all together. There are no special games for leap year, but any games in which the boys and girls have separate parts to play, reversing the order, would do all right. Sandwiches, cakes and ice should be contrived to be heart shape and salads should be garnished with tiny hearts cut from pickled beets. A should weigh 117 pounds and B should weigh 119.

Read News-Sentinel Wants.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SUSIE'S SKATES

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Why, isn't Susie home from school yet?" asked Uncle Wiggily in the underground house on day. Sammie, the boy rabbit, came hopping in to bag for a bit of turnip cake with carrots. Sammie grinned over the top.

"Oh, Susie is staying to sewing class," answered Sammie, as Nurse Jane Fuzzy Vuzzy, Uncle Wiggily's housekeeping mistress lady, gave him what he wanted to eat. "She and the other girl animals are learning some fancy sewing from the lady mouse teacher."

"Well, it is getting rather late, and it may be dark when Susie starts for home," said the rabbit gentleman. "I'll wait along and meet her. I haven't had an adventure yet today and I may find one with Susie's help. I'll just wait along toward the hollow stump school and I may meet her coming home."

"Yes, I wish you would," spoke Mrs. Littletail, the rabbit mother. "I didn't know Susie was going to stay so late. So while Sammie ate his piece of chocolate cake with lollipop sauce powdered through the middle, the rabbit gentleman put on his hat and coat and took his gun and his blue-trimmed rabbit matron crutch down off the piano shelf and went out to keep his ears warm, away he went over the fields and through the woods."

It did not take Uncle Wiggily long to come within sight of the hollow stump school, and he looked toward it, thinking he might see Susie and some of the other little girl animals coming out after their sewing lesson. But he did not see her, and when he reached the hollow stump he heard voices inside. The lady mouse teacher was saying:

"Now, Susie, and all you girls, we will do a little beating on the blouse, that we will shirr with a needle through the middle and take a few turns in the seam. Then it will be time to overcast the binding on the lower edges of the collar."

"Dear me!" thought Uncle Wiggily sort of faint like and exasperated, as he leaned against the side of the hollow stump school. "I should think, after that, it would be time to go home! The sewing class isn't over yet, I infer."

And it was not, and when the lady mouse saw Uncle Wiggily waiting outside she invited him in.

"Susie and the girls only have to do a few herring-bone buttonhole stitches, and then they may go home," she said. "All right, I'll clean off the blackboards while you wait. And the lady mouse teacher and the other girl animals."

"Don't forget your needle, thread, thimble and other sewing things, Susie," called the lady mouse. "No, I have them all in my little bag," answered the rabbit girl, as she hurried off with Uncle Wiggily.

"It is getting late, so we had better take the short cut home," spoke the bunny gentleman. "We will cross over the duck pond once."

"Yes, if we had brought our skates we could have skated home, and we would be there so much the more quickly," answered Mr. Longears. "Oh, well, we can walk, I guess," Susie said. "I have my rubbers."

Soon they came to the frozen duck pond ocean. By this time it was getting dusky evening, but it was with rather light on the duck pond, as Uncle Wiggily and Susie started across it on a short cut to the burrow underground house.

For the Table

Hawaiian Salad—In the center of a bowl bordered with lettuce, arrange slices of pineapple, garnish with strips of pimento and serve with a light mayonnaise dressing.

Tapaca Lemon Meringue Pie—Scald one and one-half cups of milk, add one and one-half cups of sugar, the juice of two lemons and the rind of one-half lemon and a few grains of salt. Stir in three-quarter cup of minute tapioca. Cook over fire in double-boiler until clear, stirring occasionally. The mixture will be very thick, as for an ordinary lemon pie.

Stir in one teaspoon (level) of butter, then add the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Stir in lemon juice. Pour into a baked pastry shell, spread on the meringue, made of the whites of the eggs beaten very stiff, with two tablespoons of powdered sugar; sprinkle with bits of coconut over meringue and brown in a very slow oven till meringue sets. A hot oven makes a meringue pie watery.

Oyster Cocktails—Have the oysters very cold. Put not more than six in each cocktail glass or sherbet cup. Cover with the following dressing: Two tablespoons of mushroom catsup, two tablespoons of strained lemon juice, 12 drops of tabasco sauce and salt to taste. This will make six cocktails. Serve thin slices of brown bread and celery with the cocktails.

FASHIONS.

No more man can hope to understand the whims which govern feminine washings. A man went with his wife while she bought some dress goods. "This style," he said, "is pretty and would make you a good dress."

"That," said the wife in contempt. "Nowadays is wearing that now."

"Then how about this?" asked the husband, indicating another skirt. "Oh, that wouldn't do at all. Everybody's wearing that!"

BRINGING UP FATHER

—By George McManus

AND BEFORE I SIT DOWN I WOULD LIKE TO SAY JUST A FEW MORE WORDS.

IF HE DON'T SIT DOWN SOON I'M GOING TO KNOCK HIM DOWN.

WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, WHAT KEEPS YOU UNTIL THIS HOUR?

I'VE BEEN LISTENIN' TO YOUR FINISHIN' MAKING A SPEECH.

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL.

Facts about your name, its history, its meaning, whence it was derived, its significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel.

ALICIA.

This name is derived from the same root as Alice, and represents an attempt at greater euphony. The curious part of it is that the name, in its original form, is really not that of a woman at all, but of a man. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Aelgis*, of which the feminine form was *Aelgisen*, but was not frequently given to women. Instead it was sacred to the sons of the house, principally among the nobility. The name itself means noble, in both its masculine and feminine forms.

The name is purely English, having, however, a slight Teutonic flavor. An argument is put forward by some experts that the name is derived from the Frankish *Adalbert* or *Adelchen*, meaning "daughter." *Alix* or *Alisa* in Lombardy was naturalized in England when *Alice* is the married form.

The name, originally masculine, according to the best authorities, however, represents *Adelgis* and not *Adelgisa*, making the proper feminine form *Aelgisen*. Some believe that *Eliza*, generally believed to be a derivative of *Elizabeth*, is this missing form. For proof of *Alicia* as the representative of *Adelgisa*, the Liber Vitae of Durham records the change in *Adelgisa* from the first noble lady of that name, who laid her gifts upon the altar. By contraction it became *Adeliza*, *Aaliza* and *Alicia*.

The talismanic stone of *Alicia* is the alexandrite, a Russian gem. It is found in the emerald mines of that nation, being of a beautiful green shade which changes to a brilliant red when Russians believe it brings great good fortune. When the subject of its favorite's dream it signifies heavenly bliss. *Alicia* is *Alicia*'s lucky day and seven her lucky number. Her flower is the white hawthorne, a beautiful bud.

RECIPROCAL DESIRES.

A foppish young man who could only find a seat next to a fishwife, in a north of Scotland smoking carriage, expressed his disgust at the woman's painful glances. At length the woman remarked:

"I'll be ye, my manny, you an' me's both thinkin' the same thing."

"What is that, woman?" demanded the youth, laughing at her.

"You are wishin' you was sittin' next a gentleman?"

"I am, indeed," replied the young man.

"So am I," the fishwife replied calmly.

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Y'Never Can Do Enough for Some People

OH-UNCLE EZRA—I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YA—OPEN YOUR EYES AND SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG—THE SAYING IS:—SHUT YOUR EYES AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH!

OH-ALL RIGHT—IF YOU WANT TO DO IT THAT WAY—

BUT I JUST WANTED TO GIVE YA A CIGAR—I FOUND ON THE STREET—IT'S HARDLY BEEN SMOKED AT ALL—

JOE'S CAR—Meaning, Probably, That Joe Looks Like a Hat Rack

DAWGONNIT! I'LL TELL TH' WORLD THAT'S A NIFTY AUTO-COAT! MAKES ME LOOK RIGHT UP TO TH' MINUTE, TOO—!

ADMIRING THE VISION OF LOVELINESS IN TH' MIRROR, JOE? OR ARE YOU JUST COMPARING YOURSELF WITH THAT HANDSOME FASHION PLATE?

DON'T YOU STUDY YOUR CLOTHES IN FRONT OF A MIRROR? ANSWER ME THAT! DON'T YOU? I'M JUS TRYIN' T'SEE IF TH' COAT HANGS RIGHT!

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WELL JOE, HOW DO YOU EVER EXPECT IT TO HANG RIGHT, UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO HANG IT ON?

JOE'S CAR—Meaning, Probably, That Joe Looks Like a Hat Rack

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